

dare you to (peek) by hoppnhorn

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Summary:

“Hello?” He calls out timidly, sitting up slightly on the mattress. As much as he can, he tries not to sound afraid, but he can’t help the way his voice wobbles a bit.

“Hi.” The voice is deep, raspy and Steve shivers.

What if I didn’t speak?

The stranger had suggested silence, and Steve wishes he hadn’t agreed to it. But the greeting gives him a visual, something to help form a face in his mind.

He sees a square jaw. A daring smile.

“You sound handsome.” Steve whispers, panting like a nervous teenager. A horny teenager, more like. “Your voice is nice.”

The stranger moves closer and Steve itches to look. To lift one end of the black, silk blindfold just a tiny bit. One *glance*.

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Author's Note:

Day 7 of Kinktober - Blindfolds

this is fiction, please god don't find strangers to have sex off of craigslist. or meet strangers alone in hotel rooms without knowing them or SEEING their faces. be safe. Enjoy!

I must be the biggest idiot alive.

If his mother knew what the hell he was doing -- that he'd put up a Craigslist ad for sex -- she'd have him locked away. This isn't something a person *does*. Not unless they're gunning to be murdered, or kidnapped.

But the guy who'd answered his ad seemed normal. Seemed *sane* even.

He liked all the same things Steve did, agreed to all the safety conditions readily. He also agreed for Steve to pick the place and time. To pick the scenario and the roles.

Altogether, he considers himself lucky for finding such a willing partner. Then again, if the guy is only interested in making a suit out of his skin, it won't matter when or where they meet.

With all that factored in, somehow, he's still quivering with anticipation as he waits. Waits on a hotel bed, fingers interlaced on his stomach as he waits in his underwear.

Blindfolded.

Biggest. Idiot. Alive.

He figures he's waiting about five minutes before the door is opened by a key and someone shuffles inside.

For a moment, Steve wants to rip off his blindfold and abandon the

plan. His heart is pounding in his chest, his breath coming faster and faster until he can't hear anything but his own pulse.

But then he remembers something the stranger had said.

Say the word and everything stops.

The word, of course, was decided on and repeated numerous times. Along with all their non-negotiables. If he's honest, Steve didn't have that many to list.

But the stranger did.

I don't like being choked. Or hit.

Which works just fine for Steve; he's never been the type to hurt someone. Especially during sex.

He's a lover, not a fighter.

Something about the words had made Steve sad, just a little. What kind of wounded soul was meeting him in this room, worried he might strike him in a moment of passion?

"Hello?" He calls out timidly, sitting up slightly on the mattress. As much as he can, he tries not to sound afraid, but he can't help the way his voice wobbles a bit.

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the black, silk blindfold just a tiny bit. One *glance*.

But the idea is abandoned when he feels a brush against his cheek. A finger, maybe, feather light against his skin.

“I hope you don’t mind, I undressed.” He said softly, waiting for anything. A word, a touch. Something to tell him what the stranger thinks.

In the darkness, there’s a soft growl. Something close to a happy sound and Steve melts, breathes a little frantic. Before he can reply, there’s a touch on his chin, pushing down until his mouth opens wider.

And then the smallest kiss is pressed to his bottom lip.

Steve gasps, reaches for his partner and is surprised when he finds strong arms, solid muscle. The picture in his mind changes, shifts from an average build to a thick one. Sturdy.

For some reason, he thinks of naked, golden skin. Glossy with sweat.

He pulls on the arm in his grasp and the stranger leans in close enough that Steve can feel the heat of his body radiating onto his skin.

The second time their mouths meet, he arches into it, seeking more and finding soft lips. A teasing tongue. A wonderfully subtle nibble or two.

“One more.” He whispers as the guy moves to pull away and there’s a little laugh on the stranger’s lips when they collide again. Steve wanders from the beaten path, kisses a trail across a smooth face. Freshly shaved. Down to a hard, straight jaw. His partner is wearing a spicy cologne, something expensive but nothing too overpowering.

He smells sophisticated and *wonderful*.

“You smell so nice.” He murmurs and mouths at the stranger’s throat, feels him swallow. “Did you get dressed up for me?”

The little growl of a reply makes Steve smile against the man’s throat.

“You know I can’t see you, but you dress up. That’s *cute*.”

Two hands grab him by the shoulders, hold him for a moment, and then he’s being pinned to the bed.

And his heart is off to the races.

“Sorry, I don’t mean to keep talking.” He murmurs before he feels a weight settle over his lap. He’s being *straddled* and, true to nature, he can’t stop *jabbering*. “I dated this guy once, who liked to talk during sex.” And *why* he’s talking about an *ex* during this, he’s not sure. But the stranger doesn’t say anything. Doesn’t stop touching his chest, rubbing a thumb over one of Steve’s nipples. “I was never any good at it.”

He really *can’t stop*.

Suddenly there’s a soft palm on his mouth, fingers tickling over his lips like the guy is *teasing* him.

“Sorry.” He mutters.

The fingers are replaced with a kiss and Steve positively *melts*.

In the quiet of the room, he hears the rustle of fabric, the snap of buttons popping free of their holes, and he imagines hands making quick work of a shirt. There’s a swish of a garment being pulled free and Steve greedily searches for skin.

“Fuck, you’re *ripped*.” He whispers when he finds a firm chest, chorded with strength, and a *hairless* chest. This feels like he’s groping a model, not some random guy he found online. “I am *seriously* regretting the blindfold.”

And, dammit, the guy laughs.

Quiet and breathy, he chuckles, and then Steve’s being kissed again. And he’s smiling into it, letting his hands wander as he grasps all that firm muscle on the man’s back. Digs his nails in, just a little.

The hiss against his lips is followed by a little growl. And his bottom lip is bitten with a teasing lick.

“You’re so sexy.” He breathes into his stranger’s mouth. “I’m such a lucky sonofabitch.”

“Shhh.” The guy speaks and Steve shudders, his cock hardening as his partner’s mouth drops down to his neck, settles into the curve of his throat where he mouths at the skin.

“Please, I want you to *use* me.”

“Don’t worry.” The stranger growls into his adam’s apple, makes Steve go absolutely still in his arms. “I will.”

The voice is laced with danger and he can’t help it, he sees a feral smile and a wagging tongue.

“There are condoms in the nightstand.” He manages to croak. “And lube.”

He’s a *gentleman* like that, bringing his own supplies.

And he breathes a little easier when the weight on top of him moves away, the sound of a drawer opening breaking the silence.

There’s a little laugh. Then a crinkling of wrappers.

He’d brought a few different kinds because he wasn’t *sure* what the stranger would need. What he *liked*.

“You don’t have to use the ribbed ones, I had some left over from, um, well. College. My boyfriend went through this *phase*—“ Suddenly he’s being shushed again, fingers against his lips.

“I don’t wanna hear about your ex.” The guy *growls*, and Steve tries not to giggle. His date does a good Christian Bale impression.

“Sorry, I just get *nervous* and then all kinds of dumb shit comes out of my mou—“ The sentence is left unfinished as a warm pair of lips smother it, easing Steve’s open.

The guy kisses like a *pro*, licking just so *slowly* until they’re sharing each breath, bodies fused at the mouth.

If this was all they did all night, he'd be happy. And *that* realization is thoroughly *alarming*, and puts a knot in his stomach. This man has single handedly swept him off his feet.

"I want you." He breathes between kisses. "Please."

And the stranger eases away, his hands tickling down the bare skin of Steve's chest to his boxers.

He undresses him gently, like there's no rush, and no *reason* to not take his time. To savor the way Steve sighs and lifts his hips, grabs handfuls of the sheets to keep from reaching out. Clinging.

When his legs are freed, and he's lying bare, Steve feels the heat of a blush fill his cheeks. He can't *see* the stranger staring but he can *feel* it. Can feel eyes roaming over his body, drinking him in.

He's not *ashamed* of anything. In fact, he's quite proud of his physique. Though he's nothing like an athlete, he's strong and lean and, well.

Hung.

The hands on his torso slide down to his thighs, heavy and warm as fingers press into the muscles, massaging, all the while *avoiding* what Steve wants most. The tease has his cock panging with each beat of his heart and Steve gives in, reaches.

Strokes one hand up a thick arm to a hard shoulder. Curls tickle the back of his fingers and he weaves them into the soft hair, finding more and more the longer he plays.

It's silky in his hand and he smiles.

"I wonder what color your hair is."

The stranger doesn't answer, by turns his head and kisses Steve's palm. Which leads to another kiss on his wrist. And then he's pinned and his hips are in firm hands, holding him still. When he feels a *breath* across his cock, he whimpers. The only thing he has to keep him from floating away are the curls in his hands.

Steve pets his lover and waits.

The stranger's mouth is warm, almost *hot*, when he takes the tip of Steve's cock between his lips, laves his tongue over the broad head. For a moment, Steve's grip goes rigid from stimulation before it goes *slack* under the caress of a wet mouth.

"God, that's good." He whispers and he *gasps* when the stranger hums, taking more into his mouth until Steve can feel his cock nudging at the back, passed the soft palate into the throat. And then the guy *swallows* and Steve nearly yells.

It's *incredible*.

He's not exactly an average joe in the dick department so someone *swallowing* him is amazing.

And he tells the guy so, every time he bobs his head and repeats the act. Over and over and *over* until Steve is begging.

Begging for *what*, he's not sure.

Anything, really.

To come. To have more. To make love to a faceless stranger.

"I'm so close." He whimpers, stroking the smooth face of his lover. "I want you in me."

For the first time, he senses desperation between them. He's tugging at the man's pants, panting as a wrapper is ripped open. A cap is popped off the bottle of lube.

And when Steve's legs are spread and a wet, probing finger pushes against his rim, he whines.

He's already prepped but somehow he feels the penetration stretch him. It's not exactly a thing of *pride* that he's already had three of his own fingers inside his body that afternoon, but he's thrilled when he feels the guy moan, push down on the puckered muscle and test just how *open* he is.

“Fuck.” Steve breathes and his hole flutters. He’s *ready*.

And hungry.

When he feels the blunt head of his lover’s cock prodding at his rim, he arches, sighs as it slips inside.

They join so gently, Steve trembles, his hands shaking as he’s fed inch by inch of a fat, long cock. It fills him out like he was *made* for it, ringing every nerve in his body until he feels like a tuning fork. The response is just as electric, like the stranger *knows* what he’s doing, panting into his throat in such a way that Steve can hear the grin on his lips.

Like he’s *proud* of how easily Steve is falling apart.

Hell, the guy has him leaking all over his stomach, ready to burst, and when he bottoms out the stranger *pushes*, and Steve can’t help the weak kick of his cock that spurts come on his chest. And once he starts, he can’t stop. He comes and cries out, hands grasping at a strong back.

Steve orgasms for what feels like an eternity and the man inside him goes completely still, groaning quietly into his neck in time with each pulse of Steve’s pleasure, each contraction of his body.

They breathe together and then the guy *moves*.

“Oh fuck, b—” Their mouths collide in an aggressive kiss as the tempo rises. As the wet sound of lube and the creak of the bed fill the room. The soft beat of hips meeting Steve’s round cheeks. There’s a telltale groan against Steve’s mouth that makes him gasp, rocking his hips to take more of each thrust, to milk each moan from his partner.

“Come in me.” He whimpers. “I want it.” The wheeze against his cheek only eggs him on, cursing and praising every slide of the stranger’s cock.

“Tell me I’m better than your ex.” The guy demands into Steve’s ear, his voice rough and gravelly.

Steve can’t goddamn *breathe*, his nerves singing with delight.

“You’re better than my ex.” He promises. “So much better, *fuck*, you’re gonna make me come again.”

“I could make you come all night.” The stranger licks his throat and seals the vow with a small nip at the skin. “I could make you forget everyone else.”

Normally he wouldn’t be *into* that but Steve is *very* into it as the sex crescendos and each thrust turns jagged.

“It’s just you.” He breathes into the guy’s ear. “Always you.”

And he’s coming when he feels the stranger’s cock kick inside him. They both groan, wound tight around each other as they meet a tandem climax.

It’s sweaty and sensual. It’s sweet and it’s sexy.

That is.

Until the guy *snorts*.

“That didn’t take long, *shit*.”

Steve can’t help it. He rips off the blindfold and grins up at his lover.

His big, dumb, *perfect* boyfriend with big blue eyes and a messy golden mane.

“We *have* to do this more often. But next time you’re wearing the blindfold.” Steve says before he throws the thing aside.

Billy nods, biting his bottom lip. His shirt is tossed away on the mattress, his pants still around his knees. They look like they barely made it to bed and Steve *loves* it, flopping back as Billy pulls away.

“How was it?” His lover asks and Steve sighs.

“It was hard not to look at you but your cock felt *huge*.”

And, well. Billy looks like a shark when he smiles.

“That’s because it is, *baby*.”

“I mean, bigger than usual.” Steve smacks Billy’s cheek playfully until his finger is caught in sharp, white teeth and he hisses. “And you were *possessive*, babe.” He lets Billy suck on his finger for a moment before he yanks it away. “It was *hot*.”

“You talked about me like I was a memory.” Billy growls, then leans in to catch Steve’s lips in a quick kiss. “I didn’t like hearing about us in the past tense.”

In a small, quiet moment, Steve brushes his nose against Billy’s, kisses his cheek.

“You are the only one for me, Hargrove.”

The smile they share is soft, one of love and years of devotion.

“But your ribbed condom phase was just *goofy*.” He cracks and Billy laughs. Loud. And the room echoes with it.

“I didn’t miss wearing a rubber.” His boyfriend admits and they settle into bed, arms intertwined. Billy’s kiss on his temple is a solid smack. “But it was fun.”

“Yeah.” Steve murmurs, burying his face into Billy’s golden curls. “Yeah. It was.”

Author’s Note:

find me [@hoppnhorn](#)